

from the time we leave Ambleside onwards, to be lived "for the children's sake." We are to give up comfort-loving habits, to talk circumspectly, to be scrupulously loyal, to read carefully, to work hard at this or that little-known subject, and to do many things we don't enjoy, "for the children's sake." I believe the difference between a successful student and a not so successful one often lies in that the one works joyfully "for the children's sake," and the other from a sense of duty only. But we are all often lazy, careless, and cross. We all fail, and our failures are woven into the characters of the children we teach.

I suppose everyone knows Miss Mason's poem, "The Nursery" (*Saviour of the World*, Vol. II). Surely she had us students in her mind when she wrote it. I know of no better tonic when feeling depressed, discontented, or stagnant, than this poem. Here is the last verse: (Christ speaks.)

"Know'st thou the brother secret, all is learned;
Thou giv'st thy coat, thy cloak, thy strength, thy hope;
Thou askest nought but for their service, scope;
For them would'st give thy body to be burned!
This is to love, as I have loved thee,
To see in the unlovely, only ME."

FRUIT-PICKING IN PERTHSHIRE.

Most of us, I think, felt that we would like to do some sort of war work during the summer holidays which have just passed. But I don't think anyone could have had more enjoyable work than we. Mrs. Le Brun (née Miss Thomas) and I joined the Women's National Land Service Corps, with the idea of getting some sort of farm work to do. On July 28th we were summoned to join a party going to Scot-

land on the 31st for fruit-picking. Our destination was supposed to be Blairgowrie, but we were met at Auchtermarder with the news that there was more need for us there.

The fruit-farm was very extensive—over 600 acres under raspberries, divided up into convenient "fields," in which the bushes grew in immaculate rows running north and south. Scattered round were the encampments of the workers, generally two blocks of dormitories and a canteen to each encampment. Our encampment was a new one, everything was fresh and clean, and it was one of the conditions of our employment that we should not have to mix with the ordinary workers during the day. The sleeping arrangements were delightfully primitive. Each dormitory had nine double "beds"; that is, a long wooden framework went round the corrugated-iron walls, divided into 6 ft. boxes, each box containing a coarse mattress stuffed with straw, a bolster stuffed with hay, and two dark grey blankets. Most people had come with a friend, but one or two odd ones had to sleep with complete strangers. Mrs. Le Brun had her poster's camp bed, and slept out, so I had a large mattress to myself, which I used to drag out and put beside hers on the grass outside. A good many others used to sleep out on fine nights, rolled up in rugs and wearing all sorts of queer headgear. We got up at 5 a.m., and had tea or coffee in the canteen at 5.30, for which we paid 1d. per cup. Then we went off to work from 6 to 9, generally near our own encampment. We worked in pairs on each side of a row of canes. Each worker had two buckets, a small one tied round the waist to pick into, and a large one in which to carry the aggregate fruit. We beguiled the time by talking and singing—chiefly talking in our case, for we hadn't met since we left College nearly three years ago. We reminded each other of all sorts of happenings,

of "long halves" and "crits," and felt quite young again! And then there was our work to talk about, and our posts to compare.

The day's work was divided into three shifts: from 6 to 9, 10 to 1, and 2 to 5. After each shift we carried our heavy pails to the weighing platform, close by where we were picking for that day. Each pailful was weighed by a fourth-year medical student from Edinburgh; he called out the number of pounds, and the worker retired with her wages, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for each pound picked. The first shift I worked I retired with $4\frac{1}{2}$ d.—three hours' picking! However, we all improved in time, and my top score was 25lbs.

It was really astonishing how quickly the time passed. The early morning shift was the best. The sun was only rising, and we were fresh to the work. The second shift was hotter, and there was no manner of shade. The afternoon shift was often simply impossible, and as often as not we cut it. Then we used to get into bathing dress and mackintosh, take towel and sponge-bag, and go over the ridge and down to a lovely little stream, where we could sit in the shallows in the sun and have a *bath*, or just manage to get a swim for a few yards under the trees in the shade. We even washed our clothes in that stream! On Saturdays and Sundays we were not supposed to work, though we generally picked half of Saturday. And the joy of lying in bed in the sun all Sunday morning, reading and writing letters! On Sunday we rose at 12, got into bathing things, took some eatables, writeables, and books, and went down to the stream. First we bathed, and washed our clothes, then we put on coats and had dinner. We had a lazy afternoon while our clothes dried in the sun, then we bathed again, put on the clean clothes, and had tea. It all seemed so simple, and we wondered why we ever sent clothes

to the laundry or ate from a table. We certainly got back to the simple life at meal-times. We would get down our loaf from a little shelf made by the wooden framework of the canteen, cut several large hunks and spread them with potted meat, mashed-up sardines, or honey, according to the name of the meal we were eating. We got quite used to taking a fishy knife, wiping it, and then spreading honey with it. And as for plates, well, only if we felt very civilized or there was a clean one in front of us. Saucers? Undreamed of luxuries. Teaspoons? Much more convenient to use the handle of the fishy knife. In fact, our table manners got so conspicuous by their absence that we dreaded doing awful things on coming back to civilization. It is surprising, too, how hungry one is, and what a capacity one has when there is no convention about how, when or in what order one eats what is on the table. The trouble at meal-times was to decide between two evils—the stifling canteen, which *was* shade, or outside in the fresh air and hot sun. Sometimes, by diligent search, it was possible to discover a bit of shade under a wall, but the position would be sure to be untenable for other reasons. Another difficulty was drinking water. It had to be fetched from the pump in a farmyard some distance away. Each day an orderly was appointed for each dormitory, whose duties were to sweep the floor and fetch drinking water. But someone would be sure to wash her hands in it, or kick the pail over. We generally got our own, and made lemonade. After each meal, if you wanted a clean plate or cup for the next one, you took it round behind the canteen, where there was a boiler with *hot* water, hunted for a basin, and washed up. Imagine washing a greasy or eggy plate with one finger (the water was always too hot, and there was no cold to put to it), and having nothing to dry it on!

Perhaps those of my readers who slept in the Millet Room remember the difficulties of early morning ablutions. Well, when we rose at 5 (or rather when *I* rose at 5: Mrs. Le Brun got up at the last possible moment), I had to pick up any odd pail near my bed, go down to a tiny burn, and get water to wash in. Then I had to hide it from any greedy person who might want to annex it while I hunted for a basin. Then I would prop it up on a narrow bench on the grass and wash publicly. We all did, and nobody minded, though at first people were rather shy about it. Though I must confess that in the end many of us never washed at all in the mornings, preferring to save our elbow grease till after the day's work, when we really *did* need it.

Occasionally we walked to Auchterarder before tea and had a tremendous meal there, with *real* plates, *and* saucers, *and* a tablecloth! There was an institute which boasted a refreshment room, a free library, and a bath, and there *was* a queue waiting to get into that bathroom!

Some people were very distressed about their hands, which, of course, got very scratched and stained. But we found it best to leave them alone till the end, as scrubbing and pumice stone only made them worse. Of course, we got very sunburnt, in spite of sunbonnets and shady hats.

How we loved our beds! The first night I scarcely slept a wink for the lumps of straw under me, but I soon learnt the trick of making a nice valley in the middle of the mattress, and getting the straw cosy all round. We used to go to bed quite soon, often taking our supper with us, and talking. Soon others would start dragging out mattresses and putting them in the shelter of the dormitory wall. Fellow-workers would come and talk to us, or stroll about in queer mixtures of apparel. (There was nowhere to put clothes. Wise people brought little, so all sorts of things

did duty for dressing-gowns, etc. I used to sleep in a coat and skirt, bed socks, and bedroom slippers, and rolled up in the blankets with a mackintosh over all in case it rained.) Then, as it grew darker, people began to get quieter; most people would "light up" before going to sleep, and last of all peace would settle over the camp, and aching backs would be forgotten. But it was glorious to lie awake awhile and hold silent converse with the stars, or listen to the curlews and peewits crying to each other across the night.

One Saturday morning early we tramped in to the station and took the train to Callender. We bought a picnic lunch, and got on to a coach (just like Rigg's!), and drove to the Trossachs. We were both seeing the lakes for the first time, and so compared them all the time with our dear old Lake District. At first we were very scornful (we struck Loch Vennacher first), but as we passed on, through the Trossachs to Loch Achray, and finally Loch Katrine, we were compelled to own that they beat our English lakes hollow, although we saw them on a dull day. We went up Loch Katrine in a steamer, snatched a tea at the hotel with an unpronounceable name at the head of the lake, and then returned the same way. We felt horribly American rushing through like that, but it was the only possible way for us to see them. Anyway, we learnt what we have in store when we can really go and stay there.

After a time there began to be rumours of a strike. We heard voices raised in altercation, and the friendly calls at night would swell into regular strike meetings. Some said the firm always started the wages as low as possible, and waited for the pickers to ask for more. Others said it would be shocking for war-workers to strike for higher pay. In the end we agreed that although we could supplement our earnings, the poor pickers in the other camps could not

possibly live on what they could earn a day at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. And many of them had little children to feed as well. So we asked the manager to meet us at a certain time. Delegates were chosen to lay the case before him, and excitement waxed hot as time went on, and he gave no reply. I am afraid we *longed* to strike; it would have been such fun trying to prevent blackleg labour, for instance, but it all ended very tamely. The manager gave us what we asked without any trouble— $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per lb.

Most of the workers in our camp were teachers or students. We of the Land Service Corps were about seventy in number. If the work had been nearer London probably the whole two hundred would have been members of the Corps, but so many did not wish to go so far north. There were two camps of poorer workers, one for Boy Scouts, one for boys from a school near by, and, I think, another for teachers.

Those were happy days, and we only wished we had more Old Students with us. I am hoping that next year it might be possible to arrange for a large part of us to do similar work together, for even if the war were over, there would still be a great shortage of labour. Of course, fruit-picking is not so very vital to the country, but, at any rate, we prevented some of the good things of the earth from wasting. In our case, too, it was the first work that presented itself, and besides feeling that we had done some little good, we gained much in health and knowledge of the conditions of such workers, and found out, not only how much of civilization we could easily do without, but also, by the little inconveniences we had to put up with, we learnt even a fraction of what our men must suffer out there in the trenches.

M. GLADDING.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM A CELLAR.

I

Oh, to be in England
Now that Zepps come there,
And whoever wakes in England
Finds, some morning unaware,
That the Huns have paid us a visit brief
And a score of households are plunged in grief,
While the bombs and guns make a frightful row
In England—now!

II

And after sunset, when night follows,
And the country and towns the darkness swallows,
Hark, where the whirring airships overhead,
On murder bent, above their victims hover,
And aviators drop their missiles dread.
"That's our good gun; it hit that Zepp twice over!"
Th' expectant townsfolk gaze with awe, enraptured,
Thinking the foe is captured.
But no, the Huns once more escape their due,
The airship soars aloft, and now anew,
Explosive bombs, the little children's dower,
The ruthless airmen on civilians shower.

A. C. EDGAR.

H.M.S. "CRYSTAL PALACE."

During the summer holidays another student and I went to work in the Y.M.C.A. canteen on board H.M.S. "Crystal Palace." Although this good ship of His Majesty's Navy is on land, everything is done to make her as like a sea-going vessel as possible. In the first place the men are always referred to as the ship's company, and everything is

done, as in the Navy, at the double. This is found to be rather hard by the elder men, and one of them said he couldn't see any sense in running about like madmen. "Why couldn't they take things easy a bit, instead of runnin' about from mornin' to night?" The time on board is told by bells, and the wretched landsman, when he first arrives, may be seen looking furtively at his watch to discover what time it really is. Of course, there is quarter-deck, which all the men salute as they pass.

Now I must tell you something about our work. The Y.M.C.A. had its quarters up at one end of the ship. Here, there was a reading-room and a place where the men wrote their letters and where concerts were held. There was also a general counter, where many different things could be bought. At the very end were two canteens—one where buns, tea, coffee, milk, and mineral waters were sold, and another where the men could get fruit salad, stewed fruit and custard, and ices; also such drinks as Horlick's malted milk and special "brews" of lemonade or raspberry vinegar, etc. There was also a fruit stall, presided over by a gentleman known as "Tiger," who eyed his workers with great severity if they put overweight of nuts, apples, or plums into the bags, or cut the penny slices of melon or pineapple too big. It was at these three stalls that we worked. The day was divided into three shifts of four hours each, and you might be at one stall for one shift, and then pass on to another for the next part of your time. The day began at 9.30 a.m., and, of course, the first work to do was to wash and clean everything, and make all clean and ready for the 10.30 a.m. "Stand Easy," when for a quarter of an hour you had to give out buns and tea, or whatever might be needed, according to the stall you were at. After the "Stand Easy" there was a good deal to do, getting ready

for the really busy time at 12.30 p.m., when we were open for an hour. If you were at the bun counter, all the buns would be arriving from the different shops, and they had to be counted and the list checked. You would hear people calling out: "12 dozen doughnuts," "15 dozen rice buns," "11 dozen Zeppelins" (these were long buns with white sugar on the top), etc. At the fruit and custard canteen there was always plenty to do, as huge bowls of custard and stewed fruit of different kinds had to be cooked; also the fruit salads took many skilful workers a good two hours to prepare. There was a great joke about the custard, as everyone was certain that no one could make custard but herself, and every day a fresh lady would tell her workers that she alone knew how to make custard. We found that this disease was catching, as towards the end of the time we felt that we were the only gifted ones!!! At the fruit stall all the fruit had to be weighed up in bags of 1 lb., $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., or $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. weight, and the appropriate prices had to be fixed in front of each pile of bags. The pineapples and melons had to be cut up into slices, and everything got in readiness for the great rush. And what a rush it was!! There were so many men crowding round the stalls and filling up every available space that they could scarcely move, and you had to serve them as quickly as possible. When the crowd didn't move along quickly enough some of the more impatient spirits would cry "Heave! heave!" and there would be a great forward push. This was the state of things at night also, especially between 7.30 p.m. and 9, and the workers had to be on the alert the whole time, and had hard work to supply the men fast enough. Then just when you were busiest and were calling to somebody to bring more buns, or asking a man for his penny, you would stop shamefaced with hand outstretched and realize that in the deadly hush the National

Anthem was being played, and that hundreds of men were standing to attention all round you, and that your voice alone was raised, and that you alone were not paying due honour to the King. At 9 o'clock the naval police came round, and all selling had to stop, and the men had to disappear to their sleeping quarters, where one would hear them cheerfully singing as they got into their hammocks, slung among the trophies brought from all over the world to The Great Exhibition held in 1851.

J. R. SMITH.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER 'DESCRIBING AN INDIAN VILLAGE AT SUNSET.

There is something about jungle villages at sunset which is irresistible. I cannot say exactly what it is; it is certainly not any one particular thing, but the delicate blending of colour, sound, and scent which is more symbolical of the East than anything I know.

Picture a cloudless sky of that mysterious and intense colour which leaves one wondering whether it is green or blue; shade this off into pink and then mauve as the last rays of the sun touch it before nightfall. Then imagine a cluster of chocolate-coloured grass huts, nestling down amidst a wealth of foliage which is of every tone from dark olive to pale yellow; behind this a purple hill, rugged and wild, cut sharply across by a pale blue canopy of smoke haze, which hangs suspended above the huts. At no other time does one see this. I think it is because at nightfall all nature pauses to bow its head in an evening prayer, and the smoke of the little village fire finds no friendly breeze to waft it away.

The stillness is unutterably peaceful, yet the whole air

teems with musical sound. From close at hand to far out in the jungle comes the sweet tinkle of bells of every note, and the soft lowing of the cattle as they lazily wend their way homeward. There is a more distinct chime, very sweet and subtle, which stirs one strangely, now breaking out into full sound, and then dying gently away, only to break out again. It is the old village priest tolling at his little shrine to remind his people that another day is at its close.

There is the chatter of sweet, careless, happy voices of the children who are playing their last game on the village green before they go to rest; their parents squat on the ground in circles, seriously puffing at their hookahs and discussing, with many a grave nod, the affairs of their world—the tiny village.

I hear the quaint, persistent sing-song, so attractive at this hour and so wearisome at break of day. It is the well-man chanting his little song of six words, eternally repeated, to the accompaniment of the rattling rope, as his bullocks draw their last dole of water before they finish for the night.

To all this is added the tum, tum, tum of the devil drum, in which the heart of the village beats.

The beauty and the music of it all are to be enjoyed as one takes a long deep breath, but genius would quail at attempting to describe it—flowers, trees, dung fires, hookahs, marallas which is used in cooking, all uniting in an elusive, musky, spicy smell, which is almost intoxicating, causing one to conjure up fantastic pictures of the people who must have built that shrine where the white-haired priest tends the eternal fire and counts his beads, for so it has all been for countless generations, for here nothing changes. Why should it change? Here is contentment and simplicity, a sufficiency but no superabundance of all man's simple wants.